

be a lesson to him.

[March 2:]

Monday was damp as usual for London. We called at the London office and received my first real letter from home. We shopped around and went to a good show "Please Teacher" at night.

[March 3:]

Next day we went to Harrods' other store, and to tea with Kaye Arther who was in the hospital. Again in the evening we went to a show "Follow the Sun," which was a revue. We were thrilled to see smart and decently costumed shows. Developing a cold I took the waiters suggested remedy and was cured that night.

[March 4:]

Wednesday a.m. before leaving we took a taxi for 3/4 of an hour saw the end of the change of guard, the parliament buildings, Big Ben, Buckingham Palace, the new Kemp Palace, walked through Westminster Abbey, and over William Petts grave. Drove to the Old Curiosity Shop and bought etchings and so home to catch the train. Not bad eh?

Arriving at the boat we found we had a lovely large stateroom and huge bathroom. We found ourselves at the Purser's table and I believe Mr. Leake had written the Cunard Line. It was nice of him and we are well looked after. Our tale consists

of a Mr. Johanson, and English Railroad man, first trip over, and Mr. Pasternac, a chemical manufacturer. Both nice but uninteresting. Stopping at Verhourg we decided to buy each other bouquets which were scarce but found. We were met by a tender so retired early to bed.

[March 5:]

Thursday. Rushed up early to snap the Isle Des France which was beside us. It stayed with us all day. Went to movies of "She Married her Boss." The Purser invited us to his cabin before dinner. He had a radio and victrolia so I played our German record and we all sang the words. The dinner was fun and bit too rough. Later we danced in the Roof garden. The swell increasing.

[March 6:]

Friday. Rougher today. The Isle De France still with us, her bow going under and green water up to her first mast. Horse races before another movie, "Harold Lloyd in the Milky Way." Then to dinner and dance again. This time joined by two American business men. One the worried father of a daughter of 15 years who had just heard his daughter was recovering from a hopeless case of pneumonia. The other man was a Scotch American. Both looked young and danced well. McDavid the Scott and I stayed up till 12 midnight and after a tour through the tourist found all had retired as we followed suit.

[March 7:]

Saturday, and still with the Isle De France. This is most unusual at sea to be so close for a long time. Movies in the afternoon, then late dinner and dance. More people about again.

[March 8:]

Sunday--up late again, lost the ping-pong to a blond Mrs. Lingrin who is a buyer from Harrods. She was telling me they have a sports club there in a separate building run by a former buyer at the store.

[March 9:]

Monday. The Isle De France ahead now as we turned during the night to have two port-holes put in which had been knocked out during the storm. Danced a while with the English and Scotch combination then Statler and McDavid. A ship officer finally called on us and stayed while we packed--very very late.

[March 10:]

Near home and down to breakfast for the first time. All set to land and many good byes. Waited ages for bags but the custom official very cordial and nice to us, in fact we were old friends when we left.

Louise and I went to Radio City Music Hall and saw "Follow the Fleet" with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. We called Ruby,

then went to dinner with Mary Josey and her Dad at the Waldorf Astoria Canadian Club. It's a gorgeous place with real Canadian atmosphere. Even the carpets have a beaver and maple leaf pattern. We put matches and Waldorf cards in our pockets, then as Ruby called for us, we went to the theatre to see "Love on the Dale," an English political play written by a passenger on the Agnitania. It was very powerful, and we just had the strength to catch our train. The customs again were very kind and all was well. An elderly gentleman hearing us talk of the rough trip and the Isle De France, asked us if we would like to see the Aquitania. He had a newspaper write up of trip, and a picture of our boat under a wave with the bow out of sight. That goes to prove you never can tell what you look like yourself.

[March 11:]

Arriving in Toronto was met by the Pitt family and drove home in the good old Ford. Even the dog recognized me, and after lunch at home I rushed off in the usual style to see if I still had a job at the office and---I did!



The **Margaret Eaton School Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit resource created in 2014-2015 to assist scholars, researchers, educators, and students to discover the Margaret Eaton School archives housed in the Peter Turkstra Library at Redeemer University College. Copyright of the digital images is the property of Redeemer University College, Ancaster, Canada and the images may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email digital images for individual non-commercial use. To learn more about this project or to search the digital collection, go to <http://libguides.redeemer.ca/mes>.